

THE
CASE
OF

ELIZABETH FITZ-MAURICE,
alias LEESON,

AND THE

Lord WILLIAM FITZ-MAURICE.

[Price One Shilling.]

*Just Publish'd, by Authority, the Second
Edition of,*

THE Cases of IMPOTENCY and VIR-
GINITY fully Discuss'd. By *John
Crawfurd, L. L. D.* Being the Genuine
Proceedings, in the Ecclesiastical Court,
between the Hon. *Cath. Eliz. Weld*, alias
Aston, (Daughter of the Lord *Aston*) and
her Husband *Edw. Weld, Esq.* The
Lady affirms, I. That the said *Edw. Weld*,
her Husband, *by Reason of his Frigidity,*
Impotency and Insufficiency, hath not (in
three Years Cohabitation) been capable of
knowing (her as) a Woman carnally; for
which Cause she did refuse to cohabit with
him any longer. II. Their several Answers
to each other; the Examinations of Wit-
nesses, and the Affidavits of the Surgeons
and Midwives appointed to inspect each
Party. III. An Account of the Tryal,
and Sentence pass'd. With three curious
Pieces, viz. i. The *Invalidity of an un-*
consummated Marriage. By *Dr. Fleet-*
wood, late Bishop of *Ely.* 2. The fa-
mous Decree of Pope *Innocent III.* con-
cerning Divorces for Impotency. 3. A
Dissertation, shewing what are the *Real*
Proofs of Impotency; and demonstrating,
that there are not any *certain Signs of*
Virginity in Woman; but, that all the
pretended ones, may be effected by Art.
Printed for *E. Curll.* Price 2 s. 6 d.

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LOVE and ARTIFICE:
OR, A
Compleat HISTORY
OF THE
AMOUR
BETWEEN

Lord Mauritio and Emilia.

BEING THE
CASE of *Elizabeth Fitz-Maurice*,
alias *Leeson*, and the Lord *William Fitz-*
Maurice, relating to a MARRIAGE-CON-
TRACT between them ; which was confirmed
by *A Court of Delegates*, in the Lady's Be-
half, on *Wednesday, March 14th 1733*, at
Serjeant's Inn, in Chancery-Lane.

LORDS, *Titles, Deeds, and Rent-Rolls only Wed,*
Whilst the *best Bidder* mounts *their venal Bed*;
And the grave, busy, *Mother* must approve
This Nuptial Sale, this *Auction* of their Love.

L. W. Mons.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL, in *Burghley-Street*, in
the *Strand*. M.DCC.XXXIV.

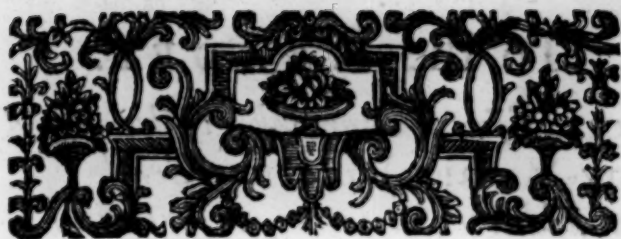


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TO THE
READER.



THE Amour between these
TWO LOVERS, was begun and carried on with
the utmost Secrecy; till
Nature made that Discovery, the Legitimacy of which to
the Lady's Honour, the Law has now
fully Confirmed.

ELIZABETH LEESON, *the Appellant in this Cause, is a very agreeable, brisk young Widow; and the Respondent, WILLIAM FITZ-MAURICE,*

TO THE READER.

RICE, Esq; (commonly called Lord FITZ-MAURICE) is a fine Gentleman; but addicted, it seems, to promiscuous Love.

He is eldest Son of the Earl of Kerry, of Lixnaw in that County. And his Mother would fain have represented this Serious Amour on Mrs. Leeson's Side, as a Piece of loose Gallantry only, on the Behalf of her Son; but the solemn Promises and other overt Acts of the Lover to his Mistress, (which have been a meer Game at Tennis for above these six Years in the Ecclesiastical Courts of Ireland and England) are at length rendered Indissoluble.

These Papers have lain Dormant some time, and are now faithfully Published as they were transmitted to her Grace, the late Dutchess of Monmouth, who after Perusal, returned them to the Writer at her Request.

To

TO the READER.

To some, the feigned Names may appear with the Air of Romance; so that the Reader ought to be told, the Lady always subscribed her Letters, to prevent a Discovery, by the Name of EMILIA. For which Reason, MAURITIO is not an improper Appellative for his Lordship; nor Carrioli, for Kerry, the Name of his Country.

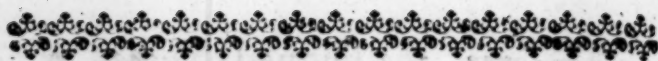
Thus much is sufficient to realize the following Narration.



E R R A T A.

*Page 47. Line ant penult, read thus, viz.
She imagined that she rested, &c.*

Page 34. Line 5. read, part Us;



C L A V I S.

PAGE 24. *Line 6.* Miss *W.* and
Miss *H.* i. e. Miss *Ware* and Miss
O'Farrel.

Page 31. *Line Ant. Pen.* Sir *H. P.*
i. e. Sir *Harry Pierce*.

Page 38. *Line 20.* Lady *Carrioli*. i. e. The
Countess of *Kerry*, Lord *Fitz-Maurice's*
Mother.

Page 39. *Line 12.* Our *Viceroy*. i. e. The
Lord *Carteret*.



To

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To Mr. C U R L L.

S I R,

New-Year's-Day, 1734.

SINCE you have published an Account of Lord *Fitz-Maurice's* Amour with Mrs. *Leeson*, I can guess no other Reason, why you did not print his *Lordship's* Letters as well as the *Lady's*, except this one, that, perhaps, a Copy of them did not come to your Hands: To supply which Defect, you receive the inclosed, which you may depend on for Genuine. Perhaps, the Lady, who thought *Emilia's* Letters worth communicating to the Dutcheſs of *Monmouth*, might not be equally affected with the rough Soldier's Stile: But, coarse as it is, a discerning Eye may discover (eſpecially in the earlier Part of his Correſpondence) ſtrong Emotions of Love, Tenderneſs, and Compaſſion: Indeed, after he had got the Lady, and could not get rid of her, the Scene is changed. It would be unfair to criticiſe on *Mauritio's* Letters, by comparing them with *Emilia's*, ſince, in him, we ſee a Lover in Poſſeſſion of all he aimed at: In her, a Lady who had gone too far, if ſhe could not find herſelf able to advance one good Step farther: Tenderly ſhe muſt write, pathetically complain of
her

iv *Lord Fitz-Maurices's Letters*

her Sufferings, to reclaim her wandering * *Demophoon*; and, doubtless, that *Pathos* has had its Use in the Progress of the Cause: Which you may inform the Publick is to be again re-heard before the Delegates, under a Commission of Review.

I.

To Mrs. *LEESON*.

MY DEAR,

Sept. 10, 1725.

I Received Yours, and am much grieved that I should be the Cause of your melancholy Thoughts and Hours. I assure you, I was in no need of a Letter of that Stile, to make my Uneasiness equal to yours. I pity you, and myself, the Cause. I pity you, for what you suffered; and myself, because I can't make my self really happy in dear *Emilia's* chaste Embraces. I hope soon to see you, and wish I could get a Lodging near you; our own House being uneasy to me, till the Master is in it. I once thought of Mrs. *Pain*; but lest it should give you Jealousy, I shall think no more of it. If you can, find out some Place for me, which you can say is for a Lady of your Acquaintance: I would have it a Ground Floor, and as cheap as possible. I don't desire you

* *Demophoon ventis & verba & vela dedisti.*

Ov. Ep.

* M
Lord (bi)

to Mrs. L E E S O N. v

you to take it, but to find out such a Lodging for me against my Arrival. If I come alone to Town, I shall send you Word the Day I shall be in Town; and if you have the Eagerness I have to see you, you will meet me on the Road, between Rathcool and Dublin. If you want Company, you may get Miss * WARE; she shall see the Preference I give to my dear Emilia.

I am Yours.

II.

To Mrs. L E E S O N.

1726.

SEE you I will, tho' the Devil stood at the Door; and that I believe you innocent of all that is laid to your Charge, was always my Sentiment; but, as you said, your simple Mother, your talkative Sister, and your old Friend, Mrs. Pooley, have done your Work. If you are impatient to see me, call on me, in a Coach, at the Corner of Crane-Lane, near Cork-Hill, or else I can't come till Night-fall. I own I love you, in Spight of all the ill Consequences that has attended Their malicious Reports. Adieu dearest Eliza. If you would have my Visit

* Miss WARE was certainly much obliged to his Lordship.

vi *Lord Fitz-Maurices's Letters*

Visit long, let me hear or see no Tears, but
bear, * what can't be help'd, with Courage and
Resolution.

Mrs. *LEESON*'s first LETTER
to Lady *KERRY*.

MADAM,

May 12, 1726.

MY Lord *Fitz-Maurice* came last Night
to see me, and told me he was concerned
that it must be his last Visit. When I asked
him the Cause, he told me, that your Lady-
ship had been informed, by the Report of the
whole Town, that his Lordship was Married
to me; and lest such a Report should do him
any Prejudice with the Lord, his Father, or
your Ladyship; I think, in Justice to him, I
must acquaint your Ladyship, I have no
Thought of that Honour, nor do I expect it.
Pardon this Trouble, since it is to do Justice
to my Lord *Fitz-Maurice*, and give Ease to
You.

I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

E. LEESON.

* *Well said Epictetus, and Horace after him:*
Levius fit Patiendo,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

To

to Mrs. LEESON. vii

III.

To Mrs. LEESON.

May 9, 1726.

I HAVE been just now with Lady *Kerry*, who shewed me your Letter ; to which I pleaded Ignorance, till she said that Letter had two Meanings. Then I confessed that it was my own Draught. Therefore, to my farther Content, and to make a stedfast Friend of Lady *Kerry*, who, I am sure, would take Pains to vindicate your Reputation, which your Mother has destroyed, I beg you, in Pursuance to my Request, write this following Letter to her, viz,

MADAM,

*H*AVING been informed, &c.

P. S. Pray be exact in the Copy of this, and keep your Mind easy till I can see you, which shall be as soon as possible.

I am Yours.

viii *Lord Fitz-Maurices's Letters.*

IV.

May 18, 1726.

PR A Y copy the Letter I gave you, and do it exactly. Do not leave one Word out, but copy it with Care. Do this if you expect I should ever see you, and send it as soon as possible.

I am Yours.

I beg no Excuse, or Delays ; for I lie under the greatest Uneasiness. My Mother believes I deceive her, because *the Faith of a Christian**, is not in it ; so pray do it instantly, if you value me, or my Repose. What I writ to you this Morning was but a Jest ; so do not play the Fool. Send what I desire instantly, and then I shall be able to dine with you to morrow. Send me Word if you will do it.

Mr. CURLL,

These, are all the Originals which are wanting to your Collection.

I am, Sir, Yours,

S. J.

* These Words, it seems, *on the Faith of a Christian*, should have been in Mrs. Laeson's first Letter to Lady Kerry : But they are in her second Letter, herein referred to, and beginning, *Madam, Having been informed, &c.* as the Reader will find, p. 42.



TO HER
GRACE
THE
DUTCHESS of M*****

MADAM,



T is easy to believe that the Correspondence you honour me with cannot slacken on my Part, till I shall be so unhappy as to understand that it is no longer acceptable to your Grace. I have waited a Fortnight to receive the following Copies of Letters for your Entertainment, because they are of the utmost Importance in the History,

ry, you desired, of the unfortunate Amour of Lord MAURITIO and EMILIA. His Mother, the Countess of CARRIOLI, was as assiduous in this Country, as you describe her at present, to defeat an Engagement so destructive of all Hopes, that could be found either in Avarice or Ambition; but her Success, it seems, on your Side the Water, has not been answerable to the flattering Hopes which were excited in her at Home.

I PROCEED, in Obedience to your Grace's Commands, to communicate all I have been able to learn of this perfidious, and yet instructive Story; which, taken in a proper Light, may afford useful Lessons, as well to the designing, as the unwary of both Sexes.

WHEN Lord *Mauritio* first beheld *Emilia*, she was the Widow of a private Gentleman, by whom she had a Child

Child living; her Support was a Jointure of about 150 *l.* a Year; her Family was reputable; she had a fair Character, and kept good Company; She was about 28 Years of Age, was agreeable in Conversation, and, tho' low in Stature, yet many thought her a brown Beauty.

HIS Lordship was the eldest Son of an Earl, descended from one of the most ancient Families of Peerage; was Heir to an Estate of about 5000 *l.* a Year, which, however, his Father might incumber to the Value of 30000 *l.* He was about 30 Years of Age, had been Abroad to see the World, was once a Colonel in the Guards, was, and still is, Governor of a small Fort in his Country, had chiefly the Education, and pursued the usual Pleasures of a Soldier, being abundantly too fond of Wine, and addicted to promiscuous Love. He is tall of Stature, well made, brave,

A 2

pleasant,

pleasant, good-natured, honourable in his Engagements; (except those with our Sex) he is somewhat hard-featured, which is chiefly owing to the Small-Pox: He has long been afflicted with the Dead-Palsy on one Side, which makes his Speech difficult to be understood, and detracts from the graceful Motion of a well-formed Body.

THIS his Lordship's Infirmary afforded Occasion to our late Archbishop, * to make a two-edged Observation on this Amour: An Observation, by which he inferred the Reality of a Contract against his Lordship, and at the same Time vented his Satire upon the Arts, and a certain natural Appetite, of our Sex. After this long Suit was commenced in his Grace's Court, the Countess of *Carrioli*, who is a most importunate Solicitrix, waited on the good Prelate, and

* The Learned Dr. KING, Archbishop of *Dublin*;

and endeavoured to persuade him that there was no Foundation of a Contract, that the whole was only a Piece of loose Gallantry, and that *Emilia* had occasionally cooked up a Set of Evidence upon an after-Thought; to prevent the wretched Consequences of her having abandoned herself to the Gratification of her wild Desires. *My Lady, my Lady* (quoth the Prelate) *I shall not easily be convinced, that a young and experienced Widow, and (as you represent her) amorous, would pitch upon a Lame, Paralytick Lover, if she went only upon the Choice of a Gallant.* But what better Quarter could we expect from an old Batchelor, a Woman-hater, in the 80th Year of his Age.

LORD *Mauritio*, in July 1724, landed in *Dublin*, and in a few Days met *Emilia* at a Visit at Mr. *Ware's*: this was their first Interview. His Lordship, we may imagine by the Sequel,

Sequel, was smitten with her Conversation, or some nameless Grace, which Lovers can more easily discover than describe: Nor are we to suppose that the Lady was wanting in artificial Allurements, when she found herself honoured with the Addresses of a young Man of Quality, Heir to an Earldom attended with a fine Estate, for so we esteem it in this poor Country. She doubtless played all the pretty Tricks over and over, which she thought most engaging, and most likely to place her favourite-Charms in an happy Attitude to strike the Imagination of our amorous Hero. Whether *Emilia* flattered herself that one Day she should be Countess of *Carrioli*; and Lord *Mauritio* early entertained hopes of Conquest, by the Means of false and broken Vows; or whether both gave a Loose to Love without reserve, and the melting Nymph surrendered without any Capitulation, your Grace will conjecture

jecture from the subsequent Appearances. This much is certain, his Lordship attended *Emilia* to her House from this first Meeting; but when and how often, within a Month afterwards, he waited on the Fair one, what Promises, what Vows he made, what Oaths he swore to gain her Affection, and overturn her Resolution, may be guessed from the following Letter, which she wrote to him within a Month after their first Acquaintance. He was, at this Time, got into his own Country, at the Distance of 150 Miles from our Metropolis.



To the Right Honourable the
Lord M—— at C——

August 1724.

HOW can my dear Lord accuse me with Fickleness; Me, who have given all the Proofs imaginable of a sincere Affection! You ought to have allowed something to the natural Pride of my Sex. What Thoughts could I have, when in a Fortnight's absence I did not hear from you? I thought you false, and have not known one easy Minute since, till last Night, that I received yours. Forgive my Fears, and judge by me how restless and impatient Women are when they begin to love. I often told you, that I was a Stranger to that Passion, till I knew your Lordship: I wish I could believe you were

so

so till you knew me ; as I have no Reason to think that I ought, rather, to doubt the Sincerity of a Man, who has been so often in Love. As for my Part, assure yourself, no Consideration (while you prove true) shall make me change. Nay, should you be false (which Heaven forbid) you know my Niceness well enough to believe, none but yourself shall ever have the Hand or Heart of

E M I L I A.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My Sister gives her Service to your Lordship, and says, a Line from you would be much more acceptable than a Kiss : Since the One she would look upon as a Token of Friendship she should be very proud of, the Other is

B

what

what no married Woman ought to receive. If you love me, I need not desire you to let me hear from you every Week, since I know, by myself, you will be impatient for my Answer; and let the Love you have for me continue to keep your Body chaste; and do not forget to let me know how you spend the Half-Hour every Day you promised to devote to me.

EMILIA.



WE

WE are at a great Loss for want of the preceding Correspondence : It is plain, *Mauritio* had accused the Lady of Inconstancy ; which Charge was not very probable, if *she had given all imaginable Proofs of Affection*. In such a Case the Naturalists hold the Man the more variable Creature, more *variable* even than a *Woman*. But it seems they had not yet surfeited of Love.

I MUST own this Epistle has a good deal of the Air of a brisk young Widow ; and (if she had not so often affirmed the Contrary) one might have been apt to guess her *no Stranger to the Passion of Love*. But it seems, however, she well understood something belonging to it ; for she here interests herself on the Account of his Lordship's Virtue, in Terms very little affected or reserved.

By the Postscript, one might be induced to believe *Mauritio* had a Mind to go round the Family ; but the Sister is a Woman of Honour, and I doubt not *Emilia's* hearty concurrence in establishing her in that Principle, since it gave her the better Chance of keeping her Gallant wholly to herself.

IN Answer to this, he probably gave her such warm Assurances, as an Epistolary Correspondence was able to convey ; for in the next of her *Letters*, which is come to my Hands, she appears very much in Earnest ; with that Mixture of anxious Jealousy, which cannot fail to take Place, where a Woman Loves, and at the same Time, knows her Lover to be remarkable for Inconstancy ; it is as follows, *viz.*

To



To the Right Honourable the
 Lord M—— in the County
 of C——

Sept. 1st. 1724.

THIS is the Third Letter I have writ since this Day Fortnight, to which I have received no Answer ; and yet I do not accuse my dear Lord of Negligence ; for I find you write every Week, but rather impute it to the Post-Boy's being five Days upon the Road ; for it is just that Time before I receive yours : and tho' I was up all Night with Mamma, yet I would not fail to be punctual in Answering, for fear of giving you any Uneasiness. You see how cautious I am of displeasing you ; and I beg you would do me the Justice to believe, if you spend whole Hours in thinking of me,
 my

my Time is not much otherwise employed: and tho' this very Evening I have heard a very indifferent Character of you, in relation to Women; yet that has not lessened my Esteem: Nor is it in the Power of any one breathing, but yourself, to do it: So that the intire Confidence that I put in you, ought, if you have any Gratitude, to tye you; tho' that, I fear, will be but a poor Plea when once Love is banished; as, I fear, Absence, Diversions, and the Persuasions of Friends will occasion; for I have not so much Vanity to believe you can Resist for my Sake. Forgive my Fears, and, to convince me they are causeless, give me new Assurances in your next, that you will be for ever mine: and assure yourself, while you are constant, nothing can ever change the Inclinations of

E M I L I A.

THE Lady, at this Time, either suspected, or her foreboding Genius presaged *Mauritio's* Inconstancy. She calls upon him for new Assurances in writing ; it is plain, he was not to be caught with Chaff : had those Assurances been given, I should have been able, by this Time, to have sent your Grace the Copies of them.

WHAT happened in their Correspondence between this Letter, and the 13th of *October* following, I cannot account for ; it seems *Mauritio* in that Time began to tire of his Amour, tho' he had only the Fatigue of a Correspondence with a fine Woman, at a Distance : But his Sham - Pretences are easily detected and set aside. Even our little City of *Dublin* is wide enough to hide a Secret in, if People use a little Discretion. I believe your Grace lamented with me the Suppression of his Lordship's Epistle, in this Place, which contained

contained his *wise Reasons*, for re-
treating betimes. Perhaps the 30000l
in his Father's Power, might be one
Consideration. *But this* (says *Emilia*)
is what Love would have overlooked.

HER next Letter is full of Spirit, and
of Ambiguity: it is much Love, much
Indignation, and All a Riddle.



To



To the Right Honourable the
 Lord M—— at L—— in the
 County of C——

October 13, 1724.

THAT unkind, cruel Letter,
 wherein you threatened to
 shake off Love, for fear of undoing
 me, heightened my Fears so much,
 that I cannot express my Concern for
 not hearing from you as usual. But
 whither am I running? You again
 say I mistrust you, and *that* you cannot
 forgive: But do you consider what
 occasions it? I am ashamed, after the
 Coolness you have shewn, to own it
 is Love. But what else can make
 me every *Friday* (which is the Day I
 receive your Letter) watch the Door
 with so much Impatience, and be so
 C uneasy

To

uneasy when you omit writing? What adds to my Uneasiness is, that every Body knowing me to be of a chearful Temper, I am forced to feign Mirth when my Heart is a Stranger to it. I cannot but think you would pity me, if you knew the Uneasiness I am under when you miss a Post; and that your Care of my Reputation may not hinder you from writing constantly, let a feigned Name conceal our Correspondence: The People cannot think your Passion very violent, when you take Care to write so very seldom; for you have been away three Months, and have writ but eight Letters, and the two last, filled with wise Reasons which Love would have overlooked: But do not be uneasy, I will follow your Advice, and be contented with what Proofs you are willing to give; for I have called Pride to my Aid, and will never sue again to be denied. But I must desire you to have a better Opinion than

than to believe any Misfortune, had you consented, could have made me curse you. No, I should have thought myself too happy. Let us suspend all Discourse of that Nature till I see you; and, in the mean Time, let me beg you to write with a little Tenderness, that I may not think Absence has lessened your Esteem: Rather endeavour to convince me that Time, nor any Thing but my Change can occasion yours; and then I am sure you will ever be constant to

E M I L I A.

P. S. DIRECT for Mr. S--H-- at my Brother's, and I will give Orders to my Sister to receive it. She gives her Service to you, the Reason she does not answer yours is, she writes so sadly she is ashamed; for it is really a true Woman's Scrawl; which I am afraid you will think this to be, for it is writ in a hurry.

I CANNOT apprehend what *Emilia* had *sued for*, unless it was Matrimony; and if that was denied her, happy had she been if she had rejected all *other Proofs* of his Passion; but it was in the Fates she should court this vexatious Engagement: She was now so closely wrapt up in her fond Scheme, that she cannot help contributing to deceive herself: She conjures him to *make use of kind Language in his Letters, that she might enjoy the enchanting Delight of being cheated!* Surely there is an Infatuation, innate, in multitudes of our Sex, which leads them to believe and delight in Vows, tho' the Men almost universally agree in this Principle, That Heaven laughs at the Perjuries of Lovers.

IN *November, 1724*, His Lordship came to Town for the Winter; and now indeed she finds the Completion of her Joys, and at the same time plays the *Ouverture* to an extended
Scene

Scene of Sorrows. This is the Month in which she pretends her Effectual Contract, the Contract she relies on, was made, made with the Solemnity of a Ring, and in the very Words of the Office of the *Common-Prayer* Book. To this, and the Consummation of it, she produces her Maid-Servant for an Evidence. The Verity of the Contract I am willing to leave to proper Judges; but to the Truth of the Consummation Nine revolving Moons produced a second Witness, which is taken Notice of in the next of her Letters that is come to light: it is written to his Lordship (again at his Country-Seat) so late, in Point of Time, as the *July* following.

To

To the Right Honourable the
 Lord M—— at L—— in the
 County of C——

July 3^d, 1725.

WHO can describe the Agony
 I endure? No, it is impossi-
 ble to express it; tortured both in
 Body and Mind, without a Possibility
 of Relief, I had no other Hopes but
 in your Compassion, and those are
 fled. Reflect how often I have told
 you this would be the Consequence,
 and how often you assured me I should
 never suffer. With what Assurance
 can I trust any Friend with their and
 my Infamy? What Excuse can I make,
 or how lessen my Shame? If I go in-
 to the Country, the Place, I go to
 must either be known, or else the con-
 cealing

cealing of it will unavoidably confirm
 Suspicion. As for feigning a Quar-
 rel with Mamma, she has redoubled
 her Kindness, seeing me so melan-
 choly, and so often, so extravagantly,
 ill, that it is a Thing not to be done;
 and I could much easier stab myself
 than acquaint her with it. And as
 for trusting my Sister, she would cer-
 tainly tell her Husband: Besides, how
 often has she heard you talk to me as
 if you intended to deal honourably,
 and protest you would suffer any thing
 rather than do me any Injury: Nor
 could I bear the Sight of any one af-
 ter owning it. I cannot tell what to
 do, or where to fly. O! my dear
 Lord, think of the Condition you
 have reduced me to; tho' Fool as
 I am, to think you would hurt your-
 self for one who has already given
 all she had to give. Were the Report
 of the Town true, no Misfortune, no
 Infamy but I could bear, for then I
 should be certain you could not be
 another's,

another's, and that Thought is one of my greatest Plagues. Whether that Report is occasioned by my Illness, I cannot tell; for it is increased since you left Town; for, but Yesterday, Miss *W*---- and Miss *H*---- seeing my Colour change very often, and I like to faint, fell a laughing, and told me they did not pity me; for they no longer doubted but I was yours, and that it was occasioned by a breeding Qualm. You may easily guess my Confusion, and how earnestly I denied it. But it has put into my Head a Thought which if ever you have any intention to restore me to the Esteem of the World, you will not be against; It is, that Those whom I am obliged to trust, may, if they please, believe it. But even *that*, without your Consent, shall never be done by me: Tho' if it lies in your Power, while living, or if (which GOD forbid) I should ever see you at your dying Hour, you should think fit to do

as

as you say you will, their believing of it will be a great Advantage to your Design. But this I leave entirely to your Pleasure: and if you can think of any way to make me easy, hasten the doing of it. I conjure you by all the Ties of Love, Humanity, Honour and natural Affection; and by your Hopes of Pardon Hereafter, think of the Miseries I endure, and pity me and yours. Your Brother is my most constant Visitor; he tells me you do not come till *September*, which if true will make me desperate. I beg you would make what haste you can, for tho' the Consequence be my Death, I will conceal it till you come. If it should be my Fate, let me go to the Grave, with the Glory of being yours, and that will make my last Minutes easy. O! could you see me this Minute, how terrible would the Sight appear! I am not able to write any more. Having a little recovered myself, I do assure you I will follow

D

your

your Directions, and after this Letter never mention any thing, which, if an Accident should happen, shall give you any Disturbance, or occasion that dreadful Threatning of never seeing you more.

E M I L I A.



T H I S

THIS pathetick Description of *Emilia's* Condition, ought to be laid before all our Sex at their setting forward into the World. I believe your Grace finds your Compassion called upon as you read it, and it may employ *even your* nice Discernment, to judge by the Style how far she had trusted. It is certain his Lordship's Lawyers here laboured to have it understood as the clearest Confession on her part, that she had not him fast under any binding Engagements; but a shining Advocate on her side contended strongly, that every Syllable in any of the Letters is reconcileable with the Contract alledged on her behalf, and that all the Expressions which imply a doubt of her right in her Lover, as an Husband, are fully to be accounted for by her Ignorance in the Canon-Law, because she imagined that rested merely on *Mauritio's* Parole for the Certainty

of carrying her Contract into a solemn Execution in the Face of the Church. I am at present of Opinion with Sir *Roger de Coverley*, that there is much to be said on both Sides ; but shall be better able to fix my Judgment when I shall have the Honour to know your Grace's Sentiments on this Subject.

Emilia's next Epistle that is come to my Hands, is six Weeks later than the last, and much shorter ; which probably is occasioned by the Condition we now find her in. Be pleased to take it in her own Words.



To



To the Right Honourable the
 Lord M—— in the County
 of C——

August 17. 1725.

IT is a surprising thing that you forget Humanity so far, as to be so long without writing to me. Is it not enough to have you absent from me while I am in this miserable way, but I must be tormented with the Fears of your neglecting me! Hasten to Town then, my dear Lord, and dispel them; save me from the Insults I endure.

My Brother, after examining me the other Day, whether the Report of the Town was true in relation to my being yours, and I denying it (for I am resolved not to do any thing to
 your

your Prejudice, however convenient it may be to me,) told me, with all the Insolence of a *Spaniard*, that my talking of going out of Town being prejudicial to my Reputation, he would wring my Neck about if I attempted it; and that, for his part he should be convinced there was nothing base but I had been guilty of; nor should I screen myself from Rproach and Infamy by it. What can I do? Stay, or Go, I am ruined. Make haste, or it will be too late to help me. At this present, the Stitches and Pains I endure by being obliged to conceal it, cannot be equalled by any thing but the Disorder of my Mind; it is so violent, I can hardly bear it, and am forced to send out for one to bleed me. No Proofs of Love you could desire have I denied; it is *Your* turn now to give some to the most unfortunate of her Sex. I beg by the next Post you would let me know when you come up.

E M I L I A.

HERE Your Grace will observe the plot thickens: On the one hand, Nature begins to call upon the too-believing Dame; and on the other, her Brother examines her Pretence of a Jaunt into the Country, by comparing it with the common Fame of the Town, in relation to her. His Resolution, on this occasion, is certainly becoming the Honour and Gravity of a *Spaniard*; he will have all fair and above-board. Seriously, this Behaviour to his Sister has in it the Wildness of a jealous Husband. He is so concerned for the Honour of his Family, that he would prefer a *certain Infamy* to a *doubtful Rumour*! Such Dupes are Men to their Passions, that in their Rage they labour to proclaim that Secret which they would retract at any rate, when Reason reassumes the Rein. Of this impetuous Temper was Sir *H-- P--* He published to his Chaplain, and whole Family, with
 furious

furious Exclamations, that *He had caught his Daughter in Bed with his Butler*: The *Doctor* was not very good at a Secret, but made his Court with it the next Day at a neighbouring Gentleman's; and in less than a Week the Baronet had not only dismissed the *Doctor*, and denied the *Story*, but, in Miss's behalf, had also commenced a Suit against him in the *Spiritual Court*, for Defamation.

BUT, to return to *Mauritio* and *Emilia*. It seems these importunate Letters had somewhat embittered his Lordship's Spirit; for, in consequence of a Correspondence of Expostulation, on both Sides, the following Epistle seems to be written. It is without a Date; but, in all likelihood, belongs to this Period of Time; as Your Grace will perceive by perusing the Contents.



To the Right Honourable the
 Lord *M---* at *L---* in the
 County of *C---*

I Have just received my dear Lord's Letter, in which I own there is a TENDERNESS that makes amends for some Expressions in your last. I beg you will not take notice of any foolish ones in mine, but when you meet with what may vex you, impute it to the uneasy, unhappy Condition I am under; which often increases by the Stories I hear. My dear Lord promises to Love me as himself while Reason is my Guide; but you know too well that I have lost that, and Love is my only Director. That (if you would give me leave) would make me contemn even common Decency to live with you in any Character:

E

cter:

To

ster: Nay, I believe, it will make me break thro' every thing you have promised to keep Secret; for I assure my dear Lord, nothing but Death shall part; only when there is a Necessity, remove me out of this odious Town. I hope this Promise will convince you, that I value nothing but your Satisfaction, and that I am without any interested Views entirely Yours.

EMILIA.

P. S. My Sister gives her Service to you.



THE

THE Proposal which *Emilia* has here made, might be an useful Lesson to young Ladies, if it were communicated to the Publick. How unhappy must the Condition of that Woman be, who has grown desperate enough to contemn even common Decency, and to avow her Passion in any Character. Here it was necessary for her to have called her Pride to her aid, or rather before her first Letter was sent to the Post-Office. I shall not presume to compare this last with the Contract she builds upon, but wait in expectation of your Graces Sense of it. We are now, Madam, to suppose the Lying-in, and the Christening; and I think they say she has proved in the Cause that his Lordship went to see the young Witness at the Nurse's; but in general we have a barren Season of News till the latter end of the following Month of *May*, where we find *Mau-*

ritio had been six Weeks absent, with out once having written to *Emilia*, or having taken Leave. On his return to Town, she revives the Correspondence thus.



To



To Lord M—.

May, 1726.

I Never could have believed it possible for my dear Lord to use his *Eliza* ill; but your Actions convince me all things are possible. What have I done since this day six Weeks, that you rose up from my Bed, as I thought, fonder than ever: and yet to leave the Town without seeing or even writing to me, and be so long away; and tho' you writ to others, not favour me with a Line! But even that could have been easier borne, than to have you in Town since Yesterday, and not to have seen or heard from you. I believe, my dear Lord, I deserve a Visit much better than Those you paid your's to; for I am sure my Uneasiness and Fears has been

To

been far greater; and I have shed more Tears than all your Friends: Nor can I better express my Concern than by acknowledging I can bear your Change better than your Death. (O dreadful Words!) and I am told you have been very near it. Had you been lost, Grief, and Infamy, and Solitude, must have been my perpetual Lot; and Infamy and Want your Son's Portion. Methinks, that poor unhappy Infant deserves some Care, and should rather increase your Tenderness; but let my Fate be what it will, let me hear it from your own Mouth this Evening. Once more I adjure you, as you hope for Mercy from that great God before whom you must appear, to pity me; and let not Lady *Carrioli's* Threats take place. I will explain myself when I see you; which, if you have any regard left for me, will be this Night. Send me an Answer by the Bearer to give some Ease to my tortured Heart.

EMILIA.

THUS the blooming Spring and genial Month of *May*, proved a nipping *December* to this Amour; the Lady's Intimacy began to sit very easy upon her, when she can mention it in Writing; but it seems his last Fondness was too violent to continue, for it ended in Satiety. The Danger which she mentions *Mauritio* had escaped, was that of the Seas; for he embarked in pure Compliment to our Viceroy, to attend him a cross the Channel, but not in the same Ship; he met with bad Weather, and for several Weeks was reported to be cast away. She is now, in so dejected a Condition, that he sees it a proper Time to impose his own Terms on her: Which, bad as they are, the unhappy Woman greedily accepts, as your Grace will amply understand by these few Lines.

To



To Lord M---

I Will call on my dear Lord according to his Directions; and in spite of Brother, Mother, or Sister, or all the World, I will do whatever you think fit; even to own myself publickly your Mistress: for I cannot, cannot, bear the Thoughts of parting. Adieu, my dear Life.

EMILIA.



Mr-

MISERABLE Condition! Down-right Frenzy! but still there is worse to come: For he tells her, she must give his Mother, the Countess, Conviction. He gives her a Copy of the Letter she is to write for that purpose; she omits the Asseveration, on the Faith of a Christian: but that will not do; she must insert the Asseveration too, and so furnish out a piece of Evidence which has since been made use of against her; and all this in the vain hope of keeping a flitting Heart. When, alas! every Step our *Theseus* made, every Instance of Compliance he of late expected, might serve to demonstrate his Intention suddenly to be gone for ever, and to leave his forsaken *Ariadne*, complaining on the Shore. But here is her Letter to the Countess.



To the Right Honourable the
Countess of C—.

May 12th 1726.

Madam,

HAVING been informed how greatly your Ladyship has been disturbed at a false Report of this Town, that I am Married to Lord M—, Though I have not the Honour to be known to your Ladyship, I think it incumbent on me to do him Justice, and to satisfy you in so important a Matter. I therefore send this to assure you, upon my Word, and the Faith of a Christian, I am not married to him, nor never was married to him, or do I expect it:
neither

neither have I been the Cause of any
such Report to his Prejudice. I
am,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

Most Humble

And Most

Obedient Servant.

E M I L I A.

A NEW Beauty has now begun her Reign over *Mauritio's* Heart: Her Charms are heightened by the Smiles of *Plutus*, God of Gold; and our Wanderer is in Treaty to sell his Liberty; to put on the pleasing Chain with Another, which *Emilia* vainly hoped he would have worn with her: In vain the forsaken Dame flatters, resigns, expostulates, complains, and reproaches him for broken Vows: The new Amour proceeds, till common Fame at last awakes *Emilia* from her love-sick Dreams, to see *Mauritio's* Wedding-Day approaching; a Wedding-Day to join him to another! At once she arms her Soul with keen Resentment: Her Brother aids her Suit; she enters a Caveat in the *Spiritual Court* against *Mauritio's* Bannes and License, and then commences that long Contest in which her own Oath was necessary to complete her Proof of a Contract between

between her and *Mauritio*. This kind of Evidence was denied her by the single Judge* in her own Country, and many thought with Reason; but, it seems, your Great Men are of another Mind, and have allowed that Oath, we must believe, as Law directs: A Law, I fancy, made when Christianity was young, and People, even in their own Affairs, tho' to their Loss, could utter only Truth.

THE farther Knowledge of this Affair, I humbly hope from your Grace's Favour, to,

M A D A M,

DUBLIN,
May 4. 1731.

Your Grace's,

Most Obedient Servant,

M A R Y D I L L O N.

* Dr. TROTTER, Judge of the Consistory Court.



CONCLUSION.

*EMILIA'S Love is from the Soul sincere,
Confirm'd by Honour, and a Conscience
clear.*

SHE having, at length, obtained a *Final Sentence* (for a MARRIAGE) against Lord *Mauritio*: And, as this is now the Case, that joking old Batchelor, Major *PALME*'s Prediction, is likely to be verified. He always used to tell *Mauritio*, By G--, my Lord, they'll marry you.

HIS Lordship has now but one probable Method of falsifying the
Major's

Major's *Prophecy*, and, at the same time, escaping the Writ of *Excommunicato Capiendo*, (as the Lawyers call it) which is, *To keep himself intrenched in the Fastnesses of Glan-flesk or Mangerty.*

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